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VOL. 42—No. 47.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1864.

Price {4d. Unstamped.
{6d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

SOLE MANAGER AND DIRECTOR, MR. W. HARRISON.

(Last Nights but Three of Mr. SIMS REEVES'S Engagement).

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

On MONDAY and FRIDAY, Donizetti's Grand Opera,

"LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR."

WEDNESDAY, Mozart's Grand Opera,

"DON GIOVANNI."

TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, Gounod's Grand Opera,

"FAUST."

Miss LOUISE FINE, Miss HILLY and Madame KENNETH; Mr. SWIFT, Mr. GARCIA, Mr. MARCHESI and Mr. SIMS REEVES.

Conductor—SIGNOR ARDITI.

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Mr. G. HONEY, Mr. J. ROUSE, Mr. TARRANT, Miss E. BUXTON.

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Tickets 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s., to be secured at Austin's Ticket-office, St. James's Hall.
T. W. MATTHEWS, Secretary.

It is respectfully announced that the following eminent Artists will make a PROVINCIAL CONCERT TOUR during the months of January and February next:

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Prima Donna Assoluta of the Liceo Theatre, Barcelona,

AND

Mademoiselle LIEBHART,

Kammer Söngerin and Prima Donna der K. K. Hofoper, in Vienna, and Her Majesty's Theatre; Her first appearance in the Provinces.

TENOR:

Signor AMBONETTI,

His first appearance in the Provinces.

BARITONE:

Mr. WINN.

CONTRA-BASSO:

Signor BOTTESINI.

CORNET-A-PISTONS:

M. LEVY.

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Mr. J. L. HATTON.

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ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN,

(OPERA COMPANY, LIMITED.)

ARRANGEMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

On MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY next, Bellini's Opera,

LA SONNAMBULA.

Amina, Mdlle. LEMAS MARTORELLE; Lisa, Miss F. ILLINGWORTH; Rodolpho, Mr. WEISS; Alessio, Mr. A. COOK; and Elvino, Mr. CHARLES ADAMS.

After which the second and third Acts of

MASANIELLO.

Fenella, Mdlle. ROSA GIRAUD; Pietro, Mr. WEISS; and Masaniello, Mr. W. COATES.

On TUESDAY and THURSDAY next, Nov. 22 and 24, Macfarren's new Opera,

HELVELLYN.

Hannah, Madame LEMMENS-SHERINGTON; Martin, Mr. H. HAUSE; Luke, Mr. A. LAWRENCE; Old Steenie, Mr. H. CORRI; and Mabel, Madame PARFA.

PRODUCTION of "ROSE, or LOVE'S RANSOM."

On SATURDAY next, Nov. 26, will be performed for the First Time a new Opera in Three Acts, by J. L. HATTON, entitled,

ROSE, or LOVE'S RANSOM.

Rose, Madame LEMMENS-SHERINGTON; Georgette, Madame WEISS; Theresa, Miss POOLS (her first appearance at the Royal English Opera); Stephen, Mr. G. PEARRE (his first appearance this season); Captain of Recruiting Party, Mr. A. COOK; Blanche, Mr. H. CORRI; and Jacques, Mr. WEISS.

Conductor, Mr. ALFRED MELLOW.

Commence at Half-past Seven every Evening.

Stage Manager, Mr. A. HARRIS.

Acting Manager, Mr. J. RUSSELL.

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From Mr. German Reed's "Opera di Camera,"

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MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS

BEGS to announce that he has REMOVED from Torrington Street, and requests all Letters to be addressed to his Residence, No. 6 ST. MARY ABBOTT'S TERRACE, KENSINGTON, W.

MISS ELEANORA WILKINSON will sing BARDOLPH'S admired Cradle Song, "PEACEFULLY SLEEPER," at Brook Green, on November 22.

TO TEACHERS OF LANGUAGES, MUSIC, &c.

A HANDSOME DRAWING ROOM and RECEPTION ROOM, with use of Grand Pianoforte, Fire, and Attendance, can be had for giving Lessons daily from 10 till 4, in a private House near Charing Cross Railway. Cards to view can be obtained at DAVISON'S Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street. No advertising party received. References to be exchanged.

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TO COMPOSERS ABOUT TO PUBLISH.

TO MUSICSELLERS, COMPOSERS, &c.—Works Engraved and Printed, in the best style, at very moderate prices, by F. BOWCHER, 3 Little Marlborough Street.

MR. ALBERTO LAURENCE begs to announce that he has changed his residence to No. 2, FITZROY STREET, FITZROY SQUARE, W., where all communications are to be addressed.

The following are some of the Opinions expressed by the Press on Mr. Laurence's performance of *Luke*, in Macfarren's new Opera, "*Helvellyn*:"—"Mr. Alberto Laurence gives what he conceives to be a dramatic portraiture of the incendiary *Luke*, singing his scenes in the second part with amazing spirit."—*Times*.

"Mr. Laurence, hitherto little known to the public, has gained golden opinions as a singer and actor."—*Daily News*.

"Mr. Laurence, who has a capital baritone voice, played the villain *Luke* with much tact and vigour. His 'Health to our worthy mistress' was effective, and his fierce menace in the hut, 'Like a thunderbolt I would fall,' was expressive."—*Morning Advertiser*.

"The singing of this movement by Mr. Alberto Laurence was received with tremendous cheers, and was certainly one of the hits of the performance. Mr. Laurence repeated the movement, and again the theatre resounded with thunders of acclamations."—*Morning Herald and Standard*.

"Mr. Laurence has been educated musically abroad, and he could not receive any instruction from the operatic stage in England. . . . If Mr. Alberto Laurence could restrain his impulsive ardour we might predict a great future for him, but if he will persist in holding on a high G until his voice cracks, there will speedily be an end to his career. He has a magnificent voice, great energy, and more than ordinary histrionic power."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"The second act commences with a grand scene for *Luke*. The whole of this scene was superbly executed by Mr. Alberto Laurence, and the last movement was vociferously encored. . . . Mr. Alberto Laurence gave a finely dramatic and vigorous portraiture of the ruffian *Luke*."—*Morning Star*.

"*Luke*, the villain of the piece—a compound of recklessness, cynicism, malignity, and remorse—was personated by Mr. Laurence with great dramatic ability, while he showed that his baritone voice is an organ of rare power and ability."—*Globe*.

"The vagabond *Luke*, an ungracious part, is in the hands of Mr. Alberto Laurence, who has wrought it up to something like a real creation, by his look and behaviour. His handsome gipsy presence, his quiet, half-indolent, half-insolent action, were both good. He commands some most bright and effective upper notes, which 'brought down the house,' and he sings with refinement, style, and spirit."—*Athenaeum*.

"Mr. A. Laurence, the new baritone, achieved a genuine and thoroughly deserved success. His voice is of a full, resonant quality, and he is an excellent actor. We have rarely seen any one so completely identify himself with a part (and a most unsympathetic one, too) as did Mr. Laurence. The character of *Luke* became, in his hands, an incarnation of malicious cynicism, and bold, reckless depravity. That even this unpleasant combination of bad qualities may be wrought into a most picturesque delineation was completely proved by the new singer, who is a most valuable acquisition to this, or any opera company."—*Era*.

"Mr. Alberto Laurence, the baritone, may be practically regarded as a debutant, although he appeared in Covent Garden under the Pyne and Harrison management in one of Balfe's operas. We may, therefore, record his unqualified success both as singer and dramatic actor. He fills the one ungracious part in the opera—the villain who is the foil to all the amabilities in the cast—but he sings so splendidly, and so thoroughly identifies himself with the spirit of the character, that the very intensity of the assumption lifts it into the highest provinces of lyric stage art."—*Civil Service Gazette*.

"We were much pleased with Mr. Laurence. He has it in him to be a great actor as well as a good vocalist. We like his thorough earnestness, which occasionally surpasses mere histrionic ability. In the rough, blackguard brother-in-law, Mr. Laurence is simply first rate; we question, indeed, if the character could be better done on the London boards at this time. His scene in the 2nd act gained him quite an ovation from the house, genuine as it was merited."—*Orchestra*.

"Mr. Alberto Laurence, in *Luke*, the vagabond, not only attested the possession of a very superior voice, but of a true dramatic feeling, which he, unfortunately, would abate by his occasional exaggeration."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

"Mr. Alberto Laurence might, if his galaxy would permit, lay claim to the honours of the performance. He acted as well as sang his part capably. He seemed to take his audience quite by surprise. His voice was fully equal in compass and power to the arduous role he had to fill; and there was real character in his singing. His delivery of the pathetic strain, 'Like a cherub from Heaven,' was quite fine; in 'Here's a fig for troubles past' he was amazingly effective, and won a tremendous encore; whilst in his rendering of the 'Old harvest song' there were indications of genuine humour."—*Sunday Times*.

We fully adhere to the opinion we formed of the new baritone, Mr. Alberto Laurence. The villain he plays is certainly not of the heroic type, but Mr. Laurence, whilst he makes this forbidding personage sufficiently sinister, does not make him coarse. If he can embody other characters as well as that of *Luke*, and impart into them as much intensity and passion, he will continue to rank as high as an actor as he does a singer. During the week his noble voice has been heard to even greater advantage than on his first appearance. It seems to us that Mr. Laurence is likely permanently to fill a void which is much felt on the English lyric stage—the want of trained intelligent acting in support of dramatic singing."—*Civil Service Gazette*.

WILLIE PAPE, of Alabama, visits Dumfries, Castle

Douglas, Kirkcudbright, Dundee, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Penrith, Liverpool, Litherfield, Leamington, Banbury, Lynn, Sandringham, Norwich, Penzance, Truro, Plymouth, Torquay, Exeter, Sidmouth, up to 15th November, he then visits Belfast, Armagh, Dublin, &c. For engagements, please address 9 Bono Square, London, W.

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FRANCIS ROBINSON, Vicar Choral of the Cathedral of Christ's Church and St. Patrick's, in the City of Dublin), sings in Italian, German and French. She sings also all the popular English, Scotch, and Irish Melodies, and has carefully studied Sacred Music. Mrs. CAMPBELL BLACK accompanies herself on the Harp, Pianoforte and Guitar. All communications respecting engagements to sing at Concerts, &c., to be addressed to her at 7 Well Walk, Hamstead, N.W.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF has returned to Town from Italy for the season. All Engagements to be directed to 16, Wellington Road, St. John's Wood.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing the "SONG OF MAY," composed by W. Y. WALLACE, at High Wycombe, November 25.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing "THE KNIGHT AND THE MAIDEN," composed by EMILY BENGER, at Leicester, November 28th; and Walsworth, November 29th.

MISS FANNY ARMYTAGE will sing "AVE MARIA," melodie religieuse, GOUNOD; and "JENNY OF THE MILL," LEBUC, at Windsor, November 22.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" ASCHER, at Newcastle, November 21st.

MR. WILBY COOPER begs to inform his friends and the Musical Public that he has returned to Town, and that all Communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, &c., should bear his new address, 68, Richmond Road, Westbourne Grove, W.

MR. TRELAWNY COBHAM will sing REICHARDT'S popular Lied, "THOU ART SO NEAR, AND YET SO FAR," at Brook Green, on November 22.

SIGNOR SCHIRA has REMOVED to No. 50, Gloucester Place, Portman Square, W.

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THE CHOIR AND MUSICAL RECORD for November contains:—Notices of Choral Festivals, Reviews, and the Musical News of the Month, with

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* Notice.—On DECEMBER 1st will be published a DOUBLE CHRISTMAS NUMBER, containing EIGHT PAGES of seasonable Music, &c. Price 6d.

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The Words by W. H. BELLAMY, Esq.

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Sung with great success by Miss FLORENCE DE COURCY, at Mr. Howard Glover's Concert.

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London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street W.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

Mr. Macfarren's *Helvellyn* keeps its place on the bills. And this it is likely to do, with slight intermission, until Mr. J. L. Hutton's opera, *The Deserter*, is in a sufficiently forward state of preparation to be brought out with that complete efficiency to which the managers of the Opera Company (limited) have already accustomed their patrons.

If the new English opera is destined to add nothing to the fame of the composer of *Robin Hood* it is in no way calculated to detract from it. As is the case with M. Gounod's *Mireille*, when compared with M. Gounod's *Faust*, *Helvellyn* labors under a manifest disadvantage when compared with *Robin Hood*. In *Robin Hood*, as in *Faust*, there was a people's legend to deal with; all the conspicuous personages were well-known types, whose characters and adventures had formed the theme of household tales, whose physical peculiarities, whose very costumes, through life-long association, had become indelibly fixed in the popular mind. Robin Hood, Maid Marian, and Friar Tuck were images as familiar as Faust, Mephistopheles, and Margaret. But as, till M. Gounod and his collaborer, M. Carré, introduced certain of the personages and incidents of M. Frédéric Mistral's Provençal epic to the Parisians, Vincent, Mirèio, and Ourrias were unknown, except to a small number of enthusiasts to whom the Provençal dialect was not a dead letter, so the chief actors in *Helvellyn*—transformed by the ingenious librettist from the Styrian originals of Herr Mosenthal into Cumberland landholders, farmers, &c.—though less shadowy and ethereal than the creatures with whom M. Mistral has peopled the *Mas des Micoules* and the desert of Crau, had equally small chance of recognition. An English version of *Der Sonnenwendhoff*, according to report, is in preparation at one of our London theatres for an actress who now stands high in public favor (Mdlle. Beatrice). This fact is doubtless attributable to the great success of the same author's *Deborah*, or rather of the adaptation under the title of *Leah*, inseparably associated with the name of Miss Bateman; and had the production of Mr. Macfarren's *Helvellyn* been delayed till the public became intimate with the characters, plot, and leading situations of the *Sonnenwendhoff*, his opera would have enjoyed a much fairer chance of immediate appreciation. It should be borne in mind that our stage singers are for the most part but slightly endowed with histrionic ability; and this fact, added to another of even more direct importance—namely, that all the dialogue is given in recitative (accompanied recitative, moreover, our English tongue not readily lending itself to what is termed *recitativo parlante*, in Italian opera the fair equivalent of spoken dialogue), is quite enough to explain why the scope and interest of a lyric drama, somewhat complex in design and occupying four hours in representation, should not at once be seized and estimated.

We have endeavored already to give as clear and concise an account of the plot of *Helvellyn* as was possible; and a nearer acquaintance has confirmed our first impression, that, despite some improbabilities, and a certain measure of prolixity, it forms a drama of considerable interest. The chief characters are real and happily contrasted; the situations in which they are involved are for the most part natural, occasionally striking; the words they have to say and sing are always sensible, and often combine sense with poetry; the atmosphere that surrounds them is of that particular sort most flattering to the "local colour" which Mr. Macfarren, in his music, so passionately affects; while the place and the epoch are alike favorable to a scenic exhibition, a characteristic costume, and a life-like grouping of the stage accessories not only directly appealing to the sympathies of an English spectator but to those of any admirer of the picturesque. That there is a vast deal too much of dialogue, both narrative and colloquial, which dialogue would have been less ineffective plainly spoken than sung, or chanted, to accompanied recitative, is true; and this circumstance weighs heavily in the balance *per contra*.

The music of *Helvellyn* shows its composer still persisting in a plan which he doubtless pictures to himself as the best for the ultimate institution of a genuine English school of lyric drama. Not merely does he allow his ideas in a great degree to shape themselves after the fashion of the old English melody, but his method of orchestration is becoming influenced by this peculiar monomania. Perhaps, Mr. Macfarren believes that though we cannot just now fairly lay claim to an English school, such a thing was really possessed by our forefathers; and desirous to revive it, he would reject nearly everything the great foreign composers of recent times have taught us except only the development they have given to the art of musical construction. Perhaps, on the other hand, it is simply that, because the subjects he has recently had to do with are English, and more or less old English, he considers it indispensable to go back to the old English style of melody. Those most anxious to acknowledge the high position he deservedly holds among English musicians will sincerely hope that this last may be the condition Mr. Macfarren imposes upon himself; but even then, they may be induced to ask why, if the old English melody must be

revived, it should be precisely, or at any rate in most instances, those types of it that stand furthest removed from the true ideal of melodic beauty, that, in short, are often vulgar, and, at all events, have rarely anything except quaintness to recommend them? In any position, however, success may sanctify endeavor; and should Mr. Macfarren be the man of genius to carry out his notion triumphantly, he will in the end fairly silence objection. That the desired goal has not been reached in *Helvellyn* can scarcely be denied. The best parts of the new opera are precisely those where, carried away by the sentiment—as in the lovely prayer of Mabel, "When my ample store I see," and in Martin's equally unaffected and charming address to Hannah, "Take the flower I bring;" or by the dramatic situation—as in the vigorous and masterly *Finale* to Act 3, Mr. Macfarren has relied upon his own resources, taxed exclusively his own invention, and succeeded nevertheless, the melody of the "Olden Time" shining by its absence. To adduce no more isolated instances—for though many examples of genuine musical beauty may be adduced, we need not undertake a catalogue more or less *raisonnée* of some 20 pieces, solo and concerted—our notion of the claims of the new opera may be obtained from the foregoing brief remarks; and the conclusion at which we arrive is that, while he has trusted too persistently to a fluency, the result of long experience, and too readily taken for granted that his first inspirations were precisely the thing, while generally less careful and often less happy than in previous operas, from *Don Quixote* to *She Scaups to Conquer*, the musician who wrote *Helvellyn* is still the best of our dramatic composers.

Mr. Macfarren has in most respects good cause to be satisfied with the style in which his new work is represented. That Mr. Alfred Mellon has done all that could be expected of him, with his comparatively straitened resources, need hardly be told. Two such "first ladies" as Mesdames Parepa and Lemmens Sherrington seldom fall to the lot of a composer in one and the same opera. Each is admirably fitted—the former as the benevolent Mabel, the latter as the self-denying Hannah. Each sings her solo music as well as it could be sung; and when the two unite their voices in the (by the way) somewhat anomalously situated duettino belonging to the *finale* of the third act ("The brightest hope"), it is a treat of no ordinary kind—now more especially since they have omitted a *cadenza à due*, by no means a happy imitation of that *cadenza* by which English singers were conventionally expected to outshine Mozart in his "Sul' aria." Mr. Henry Haigh labors most conscientiously in the part of Martin, and sings his ballads with a great deal of expression. Mr. Alberto Lawrence gives what he conceives to be a dramatic portraiture of the incendiary Luke, singing his *scena* in the second act with amazing spirit; and Mr. H. Corri, careful and intelligent as usual, presents a faithful histrionic picture of the suspicious and testy old servant Steenie. The scenic accessories are irreproachable. Too great credit cannot possibly be given to Mr. T. Grieve and Mr. Augustus Harris, each a master in his way, for the manner in which they have performed their respective tasks. Inside and outside Mabel's farm, at Hannah's hut on Helvellyn's side, wherever, in short, the audience is allowed to peep, the lake and mountain influence are felt. Rarely has Mr. Grieve been more natural and true—rarely with so little effort. Mr. Harris, on his part, is no less happy—his harvest home—with its "hock cart," smoking supper, Cumberland bagpipes, rustic dance and other homely incidents (Act 2); his churchyard, with the people assembling for church, the tolling-bell, and the kindly pastor, who has a smile and a hearty grasp for the humblest of his flock, being real and telling stage pictures. Painter and stage-manager, indeed, have heartily worked together. The costumes are in all respects strictly in keeping; the country-dance (arranged by Mr. W. H. Payne) is as brisk and animated as could be wished; and to conclude, nothing has been left unattempted to impart life and unflagging interest to the scene. So that if *Helvellyn* is not a great success it can hardly be attributed to the management of the new company.

On Wednesday a new soprano, Mdlle. Linas Martorelle, came out as Amina, in the *Sonnambula*, Mr. Charles Adams sustaining the part of Elvino. On the same evening another new tenor, Mr. W. Coates, made his appearance as Masaniello, in the 2d and 3d acts of Anber's popular opera. Of these interesting events we shall speak in our next.

PRAGUE.—The Theatre Bohème recently gave a representation of the *Huguenots*, in commemoration of Meyerbeer. The opera was given in the *langue tchèque*. In one of the entr'actes, the bust of the illustrious master was crowned. The tenor at this theatre is called Véko; his voice and talents are said to be extraordinary, and rumour states that brilliant offers have been made to him by the managers of several German theatres to no purpose, his determination being to consecrate his voice to the service of his country, and sing only in the *langue tchèque*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Ten or twelve years earlier the acquisition of such a dramatic singer as Madame Kenneth Ferranti to the English operatic boards might have proved one of more than common value. Now, we fear, it comes too late to warrant any extraordinary hopes. To sympathize strongly with powers in their decline one must have a pleasing remembrance of what they were in their meridian; the influence of early charm will then not have lost its hold, while the sense of gratitude for past enjoyment will at times almost amount to a revival of it. That Madame Ferranti has long been recognised on the Continent as an artist of considerable gifts and legitimate acquirements, both vocal and histrionic, is known to those who watch the progress of Italian Opera, abroad as well as at home; and even now, in the part (very unadvisedly, we think) selected for her *début* at her Majesty's Theatre, it is easy to see that her reputation has been built on solid ground. An actress full of intelligence and feeling, a singer with the remains of what was once a bright and beautiful soprano voice, controlled with a skill that, taking into account its actual condition, may fairly be pronounced consummate, are unmistakably before us. But if it is difficult, under any circumstances, to care greatly for the phthisical *lorette* of M. Dumas fils—though recommended by the persuasive eloquence of Signor Verdi's melody—how much more difficult when the illusion is so little aided by physical requirements as in the case of Madame Kenneth Ferranti! All her stage tact, all her elaboration of points and subtleties, her entire grasp and minute delineation of the character—even her truly expressive singing of the plaintive air at the looking-glass, and the last duet with that incomparable humbug, Alfredo ("Parigi o cara,")—go, indeed, for little or nothing. The only convincing signs of gradual decay are the incessant cough, the whitened face, and the abiding idea that our Traviata's voice is somewhat out of order. Nor is this to be regretted. To see the town once again deluged in tears for the woes of some new and fascinating "Lady of the Camelias," whose youthful form and features would impart a sad reality to the details of one of the least edifying of stories, is by no means desirable; and we shall look forward with satisfaction to an opportunity of judging Madame Kenneth Ferranti in some part better suited to her physical conformation—some part in which her true artistic qualities may be revealed without the drawback of her having to exhibit them through the medium of an impersonation to which it is simply out of her power to give the semblance of a poetic ideal. She has been very favourably received as Violetta, but in all likelihood will create a much more genuine impression in any other character.

Mr. Swift, whose fine tenor voice can never fail to be heard with pleasure when he makes good use of it, plays Alfredo. It is hard, however, to look at this gentleman confidently as Germont the younger, while upon Mr. Garcia devolves the responsibility of passing himself off as Germont the elder. When, in the scene where Alfredo has insulted and outraged poor Violetta (*finale*, Act II.), Papa Germont declares he will no longer recognize him as his son, the effect is rather comic than tragic. The little part of Flora (Violetta's companion) has seldom been so well represented as by Miss Anna Hiles. The musical execution in other respects is irreproachable—which is not surprising, the instrumental accompaniments to the *Traviata* being, to such an orchestra as that directed by Signor Arditi, mere recreation.

Faust loses none of its attraction. Meanwhile, the next opera is, we understand, to be *Lucia di Lammermoor*—with what distribution of characters has not transpired.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

These concerts are engrossing more and more attention, and no wonder. Had Herr Manns been the *Capellmeister* of some despotic German prince or princely nobleman, maintaining a band of instrumental players for his own private gratification and the gratification of entertaining his friends—had he been Joseph Haydn, and Mr. George Grove "Prince Nicolas Esterhazy"—the director of the musical performances at the Crystal Palace could not enjoy more unlimited sway over his orchestra. Every day they are at his command to try, rehearse, or publicly execute what he pleases to select. This continual habit of playing together brings with it a perfection otherwise unattainable; and to hear a symphony or an overture by one of the great masters at Sydenham is to musicians and real amateurs a luxury. Rarely do they listen to an indifferent, never to a careless or unprepared performance. At the fifth concert such a luxury was afforded by the little-known symphony in A major of Mozart, the thirty-seventh of the forty-nine orchestral works in that form produced by the author of *Don Giovanni* under various circumstances, and one of the most genial and beautiful of those which he expressly wrote for small orchestras. When little more than eighteen, Mozart could handle a small orchestra with as much facility as a large one. The score of the symphony in A—third of four symphonies written in 1774, the same year

as his comic opera, *La finta Giardiniera*, and subsequently mentioned by the composer in a letter to his father (January 4, 1783)—is for violins, violoncellos, basses, two oboes, and two horns; but—as was made evident some time since, when Professor Bennett introduced it at the Philharmonic Concerts, and again on the occasion under notice—in the hands of a master, who possesses genius as well as mastery, it little matters which are the materials ready to his hands. The programme of the fifth concert also included the variations and march from the labored and not very interesting *Suite de Pièces* in D—with which Herr Franz Lachner, at the last Munich Festival, strove to emulate the spirit while appropriating the forms of Sebastian Bach; besides Schumann's poetically imagined overture to *Genoëna*, and vocal music for the Misses Pyne and Mr. Wilbye Cooper. The sixth concert on Saturday was especially interesting, as the programme will show:—

Cantata of "Kenilworth"	A. S. Sullivan.
Overture, "Helvellyn"	Macfarren.
Song, "The Minstrel Boy"	Moore's Melodies.
Scene, "Like a cloudless summer morning"	Marshall.
Aria and Chorus, "Calm is the glassy ocean" ("Idomeno")	Mozart.
Song, "Il balen" ("Il Trovatore")	Verdi.
Overture, "Meerestille"	Mendelssohn.

Mr. Sullivan's new cantata was lately described at length in the notices of the Birmingham Festival. Though certainly not equal to his *Tempest* music, it has the merit of owing very little, if anything, to that arch seducer, Mendelssohn, the fascination of whose manner and way of working, few young and aspiring composers of recent years have known how to resist. For this reason, if for no other, *Kenilworth* may be regarded as a step onward in Mr. Sullivan's career. The music being as fresh and tuneful as it is unpretending, and in some places—instance the scene from *The Merchant of Venice*—rising to a certain poetic beauty, by no means loses on closer acquaintance. The greatest pains had been taken in rehearsing the cantata, and on the whole, the performance was more uniformly satisfactory than at Birmingham. Perhaps the work is better suited to a comparatively small band and chorus than to the colossal vocal and instrumental forces assembled by Mr. Costa at the great mid-England music meeting. The chorus (about 100 strong) were highly efficient; the solo singers—Miss Banks (soprano), Miss Emma Heywood (contralto), Mr. Cummings (tenor), and Mr. Santley (bass), the last two the originals at Birmingham—were all that could be wished; and the audience testified their satisfaction by repeated applause. In a word, *Kenilworth* at the Crystal Palace achieved a genuine and honorable success, and credit is due to Herr Manns alike for the spirit which prompted him to bring it forward and the pains he took to do it justice.

The overture to Mr. Macfarren's *Helvellyn* loses nothing by the absence of the dissolving view that accompanies its performance at Covent-Garden, and—in spite of its beginning and ending with a tune which calls up visions of the late Mr. Robson in *The Wandering Minstrel*—is destined, in all probability, like many other parts of the same opera, to enjoy something more than an ephemeral life. The most perfect orchestral performance, however, was that of Mendelssohn's picturesque and wonderful "tone-picture," *Meerestille und glücklich Fahrt* ("Calm sea and happy voyage"), which is equal to any of his concert-overtures. The execution was delicacy itself, and would have enchanted the composer, whose finely organized musical nature was so keenly sensible to the rarest inflections of light and shade. In the slow introduction (the "Calm") Mendelssohn would have heard (to use his own expression) "the finest tone," no matter from what individual instrument; and in the end (the safe arrival) "the fiddles" (again to quote a letter of his) "went at it with fury, and 'Publicus' was delighted." Mendelssohn adds that he "was regularly frightened;" but the occasion he speaks of was the concert which inaugurated his appointment as conductor of the famous "Gewandhaus Concerts" in Leipzig—made "famous," it should always be borne in mind, by Mendelssohn himself. In short, the performance of the *Meerestille* under Herr Manns was alone worth a visit to the Crystal Palace. Miss Banks sang the solo soprano in Mozart's "Calm sea" (with chorus—one of the most delicious pieces in *Idomeno*) admirably; and again the chorus of "100" was all that could be desired. "The Minstrel Boy" (by Miss Heywood) and the eternal "Il Balen" (sung by Mr. Santley as no one else can sing it—even Signor Graziani) were both encoored and repeated. At the next concert we are promised a whole symphony by Schumann—the symphony in E flat (No. 6). Bravo, Herr Manns! There is nothing like perseverance.

BAVARIA.—The young king of Bavaria, deeply bitten with admiration for the genius of Herr Richard Wagner, is about to realize one of the dreams of the composer of the Music for the Future, by building a "National" theatre, with the express intention of representing the opera of the *Nibelungen*. It is hoped that the theatre will be finished somewhere about the end of 1867—or later.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From a Correspondent.)

Mr. Charles Hallé's second concert at the Free Trade Hall was attended by another large audience—a brilliant list of artists and a very popular programme counteracting the adverse influence of a foggy night. The *pièce de résistance* was Mozart's Symphony in C major, named "Jupiter"—admirably played. Mr. Hallé's reading of the slow movement must have gratified every lover of music. This grand symphony, of which the design is so broad and majestic, is, like every work of its composer, brimful of melody, and might just as well be called "Apollo." There were two overtures new to us, Gounod's *Le Médecin malgré lui* and Adolph Adam's *Le Brasseur de Preston*. The former is effective and likely to become a favorite. The *Brasseur de Preston* is a lively specimen of its school. The principal solo instrumentalist was M. Sainton "of the golden tone." How superbly Hallé and Sainton play the *Andante con variazioni* from the Kreutzer Sonata of Beethoven is well known to the readers of the *Musical World*. The performance was keenly enjoyed and greatly applauded. The leader of the noblest orchestra in Europe has had unrivalled opportunities of hearing the greatest works of the lyric stage, and has frequently reproduced his reminiscences by means of his magic bow and tuneful string. Often has he sung to us the melodies of *Rigoletto* and *Lucrezia Borgia*, and now his *Faust* shows that he has been no less captivated by M. Gounod's *chef d'œuvre*.

Those who remembered Madame Grisi in days gone by were grieved to find curiosity and doubt prominent where once undoubted homage greeted her appearance; but it is long since we were so forcibly reminded of the Grisi of twenty years ago. "Qui la voce" won the sympathy of the audience at once, and she was forced to repeat the *cabaletta*. Madame Sainton-Dolby, who has done much for what is pure in music in her revivals of forgotten gems, gave Handel's "Lascia ch' io pianga" with infinite taste and feeling. Her reading of "The Lady of the Lea" is too well known to need comment, and known also as the very perfection of ballad singing. A true artist never descends, but endows the simple as well as the elaborate with grace and refinement. This applies almost in an equal sense to Mr. Hallé's accompaniment as to Madame Sainton's singing. Signor Mario was very well received. If some of his notes have lost their mellifluous sweetness, his voice is, nevertheless, still possessed of almost unrivalled beauty, and his singing is as refined and exquisite as ever. How tender and impassioned he is in the air from *Martha*, and with what perfect phrasing and perfect sentiment he sings "Il mio tesoro" has been often told. In the duet, "O mia diletta Emilia," from Mercadante's *Vestale*, with Mr. Patey, Mario sang charmingly, and it was matter of universal regret that he and Madame Grisi did not sing together, or that the quartet from *Rigoletto* did not allow us to enjoy the combined effect of all these admirable vocalists. Mr. Patey is better known in London than in the provinces. He has a nice quality of voice and his style is artistic.

An admirable performance of *Elijah* was given at the third concert, on the evening of the 10th inst. The large attendance was in the main attributable to the well-established popularity of the great masterpiece, and not a little to the announcement that this was to be the only appearance this season of Mr. Santley. The approaching departure of the great baritone is generally regretted, and nowhere more than at Manchester is this most recent act of Spanish aggression indignantly resented. Seldom have we had in Manchester so satisfactory a performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio. All was realised that could be expected from a band of real musicians, a chorus consisting to a large extent of amateurs, intelligent, appreciative, and familiar with the music, assisted by principal vocalists of true experience, and conducted by an artist whose reverence for the composer is equalled by his intimate acquaintance with the work itself.

It would be pleasant to refer particularly to the important aid rendered by each constituent assistant, but your space would hardly permit of the enumeration of all that is deserving mention. You and your readers can imagine how able the leading instrumentalists assisted the solo vocalists in the delicate and suggestive accompaniments with which Mendelssohn has embellished the principal airs; and you cannot overestimate the effect of the *ensemble* in the pictorial and almost descriptive instrumentation which characterises the oratorio from the overture to the last chorus—and which is certainly not least manifest at the rushing of the waters in "Thanks be to God," and in the marvellous suggestions of the upheaval of the waves, the shaking of the earth, and the roaring of the flames at the passage, "after the earthquake there came a fire, but yet the Lord was not in the fire." Mr. Hallé took several of the choruses more slowly than usual. A little more energy in the second Baal chorus, "Hear our cry," would, perhaps, have more appropriately depicted the rising doubts of the frantic priests without interfering with the effect of the terrible invocation in the following chorus "Hear and answer;" but you

would certainly have considered that the more measured *tempo* was a great improvement in the choruses "Yet doth the Lord," "Blessed are the men who fear him," and, most of all, in the double quartett "For he shall give his angels," &c. Mr. Hallé may be congratulated generally on the intelligence of his chorus. The improvement in the sopranos after two years ought not to pass unnoticed. In the descriptive choruses and chorales there was feeling as well as power, and the exquisitely beautiful "He watching over Israel" was sung with especial taste and refinement. The principal singers were Mesdames Rudersdorff and Laura Baxter, Messrs. Cummings and Santley. Madame Rudersdorff sang like a consummate musician, and was never heard to greater advantage than in the air "Hear ye Israel." This lady is always most successful when she allows her audience to forget the musician in the music; but there are times when she might be less anxious to make the most of every note—and when the intensity of her expression might be mitigated with advantage. Madame Laura Baxter's beautiful voice was very telling in the concerted pieces; and if she did not succeed in effacing the recollection of Madame Viardot in the dramatic music of Jezebel, nor imitate that great artist in making the *arioso*, "Woe unto them" portray the pity of a merciful angel even in denunciation, she sang the favorite "Oh rest in the Lord" with deep feeling, and well deserved the tribute of applause which greeted her at its conclusion. Mr. Cummings sings the tenor music with great care. He has not sufficient power for so large a room, but he wisely abstains from forcing his voice. In "Then shall the righteous" especially he won the approbation of the audience. Mr. Santley has never been surpassed in the music of *Elijah*. This is saying much, but it is said advisedly, not forgetting that three great Germans and one Italian, as well as our chief English sasses, have many times sung the music of the part in England, and that all have gained in it more or less renown. One shortcoming we might call attention to, and only one. In the recitative where *Elijah* taunts the priests of Baal, Mr. Santley lacks the biting sarcasm of Herr Formes. There was hardly sufficient derision; he was energetic and enthusiastic, but he declaimed as if he seemed to believe the words he was singing. Everywhere else our great countryman manifested, indeed, the consummate artist. In the "widow's duet," he was full of sorrow; his prayer was deeply devotional, and his devotion increased to enthusiasm in the scene where *Elijah* invokes his God to restore the child. Then what dignity was pictured in the presence of Ahab and what confidence in the presence of the people. No one ever sung the air "Lord God of Abraham" with a rarer combination of devotion and prayerful entreaty, and perhaps no one ever equalled Mr. Santley in the next song, so opposite in character, "Is not his rod like a fire," in which so many singers have been unable to combine the true expression with rapidity of utterance. In the music which describes the anguish and sorrow of the prophet Mr. Santley was equally successful, and the entire audience acknowledged the presence of a great dramatic singer as well as of a highly gifted vocalist. Throughout the evening Mr. Santley was vociferously applauded, and he leaves us with many good wishes and hopes for his speedy return. At the conclusion of the oratorio Mr. Hallé received a perfect ovation, in which the 300 before him joined heartily with the thousands behind him.

[Will our excellent correspondent oblige us by only writing on one side of his paper? His letter can be transmitted, by *book post*, just the same, for one stamp.—D. PETERS.]

MANCHESTER.—(From our Stockport Correspondent.)—To sit and listen to the performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio, *Elijah*, is a pleasure which communicates to the mind Biblical antiquity. It is a diorama or a musical picture illustrating the different feelings of human nature. Verily it contains music which intelligibly depicts to an imaginative listener seraphic harmony, unravelling indeed, the very essence of heavenly sweetness; the air is filled with delicious sounds, the soul with exultant delight. The impassioned devotion of *Elijah* the Prophet, proclaiming "There shall not be dew nor rain these years but according to my word," falls upon the ear with an effect as solemn as it must have done when the inspired prophet first gave it utterance. The terrible feelings of the Israelites, suffering all the horrors of famine, are depicted in strains which express more than language can figure. The agony and sorrow of the widow mourning over the death of her son are dramatically illustrated. The worship of the idol Baal is colored with a peculiar expression of frenzy and despair. The worshippers of Almighty God pour out sublime melodies which blend together in graceful harmonies, awakening the feelings of the heart to praise and adoration of Jehovah. To describe the beauties of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* would occupy a book, for every page contains inspiration and effects as striking as they are original. The instrumentation is picturesque and descriptive, the orchestra is always painting in true colors—beautiful, pleasing and grand. T. B. B.

LEEDS ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

(From "The Leeds Express.")

It has too long been a reproach to the town that concerts of a high order have not been permanently established amongst us. The residents of Leeds make a boast of their musical tendencies, of their appreciation of high art in music, and of their magnificent choral bodies; and yet it is rarely that we are enabled to enjoy complete choral or orchestral works. The reason generally given by concert entrepreneurs is that the public won't support such concerts when they are provided, and that one noted foreign singer will attract a larger audience than a complete orchestral band. This, unhappily, is at present too true; but there is a remedy, and one which has succeeded in London, Manchester, and other large towns. The desire for mere display by a singer or player is rapidly declining amongst music-lovers, and wherever the performance of the master-works of great composers has been persisted in for a reasonable time, there the taste of the people has improved, till really first-class orchestral concerts prove a decided pecuniary success. To continue such concerts sufficiently long, in the face of money losses, is the great effort required in Leeds, and those who have sufficient patriotism or love of music to accomplish this will deserve well of their fellow-townsmen. Amongst those who are now endeavoring to raise the character of Leeds concerts are the promoters of the series of orchestral performances the first of which was given on Wednesday night in the Victoria Hall. Apart from the concert itself, there were many matters of detail attended to for the comfort of the audience which always enhance the pleasure of listening to music. The seats were wide and easily approached—a treat not often enjoyed in the Town Hall; and ladies were able to take their places without crushing or stepping over benches. Polite stewards were posted at various points to conduct parties to their allotted seats, and we wished that their services had been in greater request. The band comprised 55 performers, selected from Leeds, Manchester, Liverpool, &c., and we have no hesitation in pronouncing it the finest body of instrumentalists ever heard in Leeds, excepting at the Great Festival of 1858. There were no fewer than 33 stringed instruments, at the head of which was Mr. G. Haddock—a leader of considerable experience; whilst the wind instruments were carefully balanced.

The programme comprised Mozart's Symphony in E flat, the overtures to *Egmont* and the *Barber of Seville*, a selection from *Faust*, the Intermezzo from Mr. Henry Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron*, and the March from Mendelssohn's *Athalie*. The melodious, pleasing strains of the symphony were listened to very attentively. Every movement was played with that taste and spirit which a good conductor like Dr. Spark knows well how to infuse into his band. Smart's Intermezzo—heard apart from the cantata from which it is taken—did not produce any great effect, for charmingly as it is instrumented, its character is not adapted to please on a first hearing, especially when detached from the work in which it forms merely one link of a chain. The *Faust* selection was not a very happy one, there being a want of some of the most pleasing airs in the opera. The overtures, especially Rossini's, were admirably executed, so also were all the band accompaniments to the songs. There were two vocalists—Miss Louisa Van Noorden and Mr. Santley. The former has a sweet, but not powerful, soprano voice, with considerable executive skill; the latter is undoubtedly the finest of living baritones. Both his songs were encored, and for Arditi's favorite "Stirrup Cup" he substituted Handel's popular air from *Acis and Galatea* "O ruddier than the cherry."

The attendance was not large, but we think the fame of such a concert will induce many more persons to be present at the next performance, which is announced for the fourteenth of December.

PETERSBURG.—The *Traviata*, with Madlle. Fioretti, Signors Calzolari and Graziani, has achieved a genuine success. Madame Barbot remains still indisposed.

HAMBURG.—A very curious legal process is pending just now between M. Sontheim, first tenor of the opera in this city, and the director. M. Sontheim has formally refused to sing in Richard Wagner's operas, assigning as his reason that he was engaged to sing—not *se casser le cou*, that is to say, sacrifice his voice. Several eminent vocal professors were summoned on behalf of the tenor, and gave strong evidence in defence of his resistance. Judgment is not yet pronounced, and the utmost curiosity prevails as to the result.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS is about to start a theatre in Marseilles. His last experiment in that line was in Paris, where, through the influence of the Duke de Montpensier, he was, in 1837, enabled to open the Theatre Historique. His piece, *Les Girondins* (he believes) had some influence in bringing about the revolution of 1848, which however ruined his prospects as a manager. The theatre has since fallen in consequence of the iconoclastic ukases of the prefect of the Seine.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

FISH AT BIRMINGHAM.

SIR,—At half-past ten p.m. on Friday the 11th inst., after the concert at the Town Hall, and when Madame Grisi and Signor Mario had retired to the Queen's Hotel, they were met in one of the large dining rooms by the members of the Birmingham Working Men's Club, headed by Signor Villa Donati and Mr. W. C. Foulkes, when the members sang the following chorus:—

"Viva l'Italia e Viva Garibaldi!
Viva l'Italia e la libertà!
Ma silenzio, che passa la ronda,
Zitti, Zitti, chi va la?
Raketa, plaketa plam plam plam!
Raketa, plaketa plam plam plam!
Raketa, plaketa plam plam plam!
Chi va la?
E viva Garibaldi e la libertà!
E viva Garibaldi e la libertà!
E la libertà, e la libertà!
E la libertà."

Signor Villa Donati then presented to Mdme. Grisi the chorus, set to music and bound, at the same time introducing the members of the club to Mdme. Grisi and Signor Mario, stating that they were willing to pay a tribute at once to Garibaldi, and two of the greatest singers of the day. Signor Mario said they would accept the present in remembrance of the feeling of respect on the part of the people of Birmingham both to Garibaldi and to themselves. Mr. Foulkes, addressing Madame Grisi and Signor Mario, said that the Birmingham Working Men's Club echoed the sentiment of the whole British public, in placing them at the very head of vocal artists. The club heartily wished they might long sustain their powers unimpaired, to charm and fascinate the multitude, not only in this country, but wherever they might go. If there was one wish more, it was that Madame Grisi and Signor Mario might live to see their great and glorious Italy united and free. Signor Mario replied through Signor Villa Donati as follows:—"Myself and Madame Grisi are delighted with the compliment you pay us, and accept it not only for ourselves, but as a proof of the sympathy you have for all Italy. We shall remember this evening for ever. I will write to Garibaldi, and tell him how the industrious society of Birmingham love him and Italy. I am sure he will be as much pleased with this demonstration as we. I cannot find words enough to thank you for this mark of your kindness and sympathy." Signor Villa Donati then proposed the National Anthem, which was cordially responded to, he (Donati) singing the solos, Madame Grisi and Signor Mario, with Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Patey, Mons. Sainton, and Mr. Coventry Fish, who were also present, joining in the chorus. After the National Anthem, Signor Mario proposed "The health and prosperity of the working men of Birmingham," which being responded to, the deputation withdrew. COVENTRY FISH.

Clarendon Hotel, Nov. 14.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

SIR,—In your clever account of some of the late Crystal Palace Concerts, you merely glance at the music. At the fifth (to use the clever expression of *The Morning Herald*):—

"The vocal music pleased universally." Miss Louisa Pyne sang the cavatina from *Linda di Chamouni* "O luce di quest'anima," "The harp that once through Tara's halls," and, with Miss Susan Pyne, Mendelssohn's duets, "I would that my love could silently flow," and "Greeting." The Irish melody, exquisitely sung, was unanimously encored, and Miss Pyne, accepting the compliment, while not directly complying with the request, returned to the platform, seated herself at the pianoforte, played her own accompaniments, and sang "Charlie is my darling." The Irish song is far superior to the Scotch song, and Miss Louisa Pyne sings it with far greater effect. Why, therefore, she should substitute the latter on a demand for the former it is difficult to say. Miss Susan Pyne gave Beethoven's "In questa tomba," Mr. Wilbye Cooper sang the popular air, "La mia letizia," from Verdi's *I Lombardi*, and a song by Virginia Gabriel; and the vocal music concluded with the laughing trio, "I'm not the Queen, ha! ha!" from Mr. Balfe's *Rose of Castille*, sung with great spirit by the three artists.

To which I should like to add an instrumental word or so on the Variations and March of Lachner. Mr. Augustus Manns, in the printed programme, bestows the following—as a clever writer calls it—"very high eulogium":—

"The great length of this composition has hitherto prevented its introduction at the Crystal Palace Concerts. I was, however, reluctant to keep back a work which has been so favourably received abroad, both by audiences and critics, and I have endeavoured to obviate the difficulty by making a selection from the chief one of the four movements comprised in the entire work, namely, the third; a theme and variations concluding with a march. From the theme itself a practised hearer may predict something out of the common, and he will not be wrong. Each fresh variation elicits some fresh orchestral effect. New melodies of great beauty and the most varied character are one by one developed with the greatest dexterity out of the original theme, and the whole composition exhibits a command over the resources of counterpoint and of the orchestra, and a refinement and maturity of taste which justly entitles its author to the high place which he occupies in the musical world."

Without pretending to place my opinion in direct opposition to that of Mr. Manns, I may however say that the "Variations and March" created but little impression, and in all probability (to quote the language of a clever reporter) "will never be heard again at the Crystal Palace—at least under Mr. Manns' direction."

I should like to add more, but my space and your time (to cite a clever humourist) forbid.—I am, Sir, Yours obediently,

Tooley St., near Broad Sanctuary, Nov. 17. STEPHEN ROUND.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

To the Editor of THE TIMES.

Sir,—I have hitherto paid for a season-ticket at the Crystal Palace because the winter concerts were not only very good in themselves, but also they took place at a dull time of the year and at an hour when one felt quite free from the week's work. With that curious disregard of the comfort and convenience of the public which is so strikingly characteristic of railway companies, these concerts are no sooner announced and *The Times* panegyric on them placarded all over London and every inducement held out to draw visitors to Sydenham, than the only train that can take them from the west-end in proper time to get comfortably to their seats before Mr. Manns takes up his bâton is suddenly withdrawn, and now there is no alternative between being there thirty-five minutes too soon or else twenty minutes too late. When there was no particular attraction at the Palace a train started from Victoria on Sundays only at 2 25, and landed you there at 2 45; but the Saturday after these most delicious concerts are announced this only available train is discontinued. Remonstrance with officials is of no use. The superintendent at Victoria told me last Saturday he did not think any other train was necessary than one at 2 8 and 2 45,—the first not allowing of lunch before starting, and causing one to spend a listless half-hour in the concert-room looking at nothing; the second involving the loss of two or three movements of a symphony. *The Times* alone can get the thing altered.

Adaptos of these concerts, it is a curious fact that, let the programme be ever so short,—and they are models in their way and ought to be studied by all concert-givers,—and let the last piece be ever so great a masterpiece,—and last Saturday it was Mendelssohn's wonderful overture, "The Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage,"—yet no sooner does the band give the first note of the final *morceau* than the greater part of the audience begin to move, and a most unseemly vulgar bustle and noise spoil the effect of the music. Those who wish to hear it may wish in vain. Sydenham never was a musical neighbourhood, but it might have been hoped and expected that such a band as Mr. Manns' and such music as they play, had exercised a more refining and humanizing influence than it seems to have done.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

G. V.

UN PEU DE TOUT.

(Au Rédacteur du MUSICAL WORLD.)

MONSIEUR,—A Weimar *Béatrice et Bénédict*, de Berlioz, est toujours l'ouvrage qui se joue avec l'intérêt le plus soutenu sur notre théâtre grand-ducal. Le duo-nocturne entre Héro et Ursule est un de ces morceaux qui suffisent seuls pour immortaliser une œuvre d'art; Mme Podolski (Héro), Mme de Milde (Béatrice), et M. Kopp (Bénédict), contribuent grandement, par leur interprétation excellente, au succès de l'œuvre originale du maître français.

A Cologne La Société des concerts du Gurzenich vient d'inaugurer la saison de l'hiver par l'exécution de l'oratorio de Ferdinand Hiller, *la Destruction de Jérusalem*, ouvrage d'un grand mérite et qui a été supérieurement rendu sous la direction du compositeur.—Notre compatriote, M. Ch. Hallé, après ses concerts à Leipzig et à Hanovre, et avant de retourner à son poste, en Angleterre, nous a consacré une soirée dans laquelle il nous a fait entendre les œuvres pour piano de Scarlatti, Beethoven, Bach, Chopin et Heller. Charles Hallé a tenu seul le piano pendant toute la soirée; l'intérêt cependant n'a pas langui.

A Berlin on loue beaucoup l'entreprise du maître des concerts, le vénérable Hubert Ries, qui a pour but de faire entendre, sous le patron-

age et devant un auditoire choisi, des compositions nouvelles de musique de chambre. Dans l'une des dernières de ces séances intéressantes, le quatuor en *mi bémol* de Ernst a eu tous les honneurs. *La Gazette musicale* rend compte aujourd'hui même de ce quatuor et de son exécution à Paris; nous n'avons donc pas besoin d'insister à cette place sur le mérite de la composition, mais nous tenons à constater qu'à Berlin aussi bien qu'à Paris et à Londres, l'œuvre du sympathique artiste a été entendue avec le plus vif intérêt. C'est une œuvre pleine de force et de vie, et personne ne se douterait, en l'entendant, que celui qui a écrit ces pages si fraîches et si originales est, hélas! cloué depuis des années sur un lit de douleur. M. Hubert Ries lui-même, tenait le premier violon, et sous sa direction l'exécution ne pouvait être que parfaite. Ses partenaires d'ailleurs, MM. F. Ries, Kahle et Rohne rivalisaient avec le maître et se sont acquittés admirablement d'une tâche ardue, car les parties de ce quatuor laissent suffisamment voir qu'il a été écrit par un virtuose de première force.—M. de Bulow est appelé à Munich comme pianiste particulier (*Vorgspieler*) du roi de Bavière. M. de Bulow, grand virtuose, du reste, est un des adeptes les plus fervents de l'école de Richard Wagner que Sa Majesté bavaroise paraît tout spécialement vouloir prendre sous sa protection, puisque un des premiers actes de son règne a été d'appeler dans sa capitale M. Richard Wagner lui-même.—M. de Brounart remplace M. de Bulow comme chef d'orchestre des concerts de la Société des amateurs.

Hotel des Etrangers (Partout). THEODORE CINQUOUS.

MR. SIMS REEVES AS FAUST.

(From "The Morning Herald.")

The Faust of Mr. Sims Reeves, which was so admirable when he first essayed the performance, is more admirable now, and more finished in every respect. Like all characters undertaken by this great artist—and, indeed, like everything undertaken which involves difficulty in the accomplishment and necessitates time for its maturing—Faust, although eminently striking and artistic in its initiative essays, was but the first throes of a complete and perfected achievement. It would have been easy to eulogise parts and to have picked out strong points; but the consideration of the performance as a whole might not perhaps have proved so entirely satisfactory. Mr. Reeves is, under all circumstances, the thoughtful student, and, like every conscientious artist, always presumes that something remains to be learned. We are alluding rather to the histrionic rather than the vocal part of Mr. Sims Reeves's performance of Faust, since the singing has been unexceptionably good from the beginning. In the acting of Faust Mr. Reeves, we are inclined to think, surpasses all his contemporaries—the character is certainly more elaborated and more artistically illustrated, and, in certain scenes of the bye-play, that test of all actors, is more profoundly conceived and more cunningly carried out in the details. The entire of the first act is a signal masterpiece, and is altogether one of the most consummate performances the modern operatic stage has witnessed. The scene with Marguerite in the garden is worthy of equal praise, and that of the duet in the fourth act, which involves such a variety of conflicting emotions, if not less striking is not less true to nature. In the final scene only—the scene of Marguerite's death—do we find our opinions at variance with Mr. Sims Reeves's acting. When Faust and Mephistopheles enter the prison when Marguerite is asleep, Faust bids the demon to retire, and the demon before going gives Faust instructions how to escape with Marguerite. Now, with deference, it is our opinion that Faust, when he enters the prison and beholds Marguerite lying asleep, should never take his eyes from off her while the demon is present, even when he bids him begone. Mr. Reeves thinks otherwise. He looks sadly indeed at his victim, and turns away as if fearful of beholding the misery of which he has been the cause, fixes his glance upon Mephistopheles, and never turns his eyes from him until he has quitted the prison chamber. We should not have noted this, according to our idea, error of judgement—which after all may be defended—had not Mr. Sims Reeves' acting throughout all the previous scenes of the piece been so powerfully true to nature. With regard to the singing, the music of Faust suits Mr. Reeves marvellously well, and no opera in which he sings—not any of those written expressly for him—is more favorable to the exhibition of his vocal powers. How masterly Mr. Reeves declaims the music of Faust throughout the first act; with what exquisite tenderness and expression he delivers the famous and lovely apostrophe to Marguerite's dwelling in the garden scene, and the still more famous and lovely duet with Marguerite which follows, how splendid and vigorous his singing in the grand trio with Valentin and Mephistopheles in the fourth act—one of the masterpieces of the opera; and how forcible and superb his voice sounds in the last scene—all have been told, and told often, and need no telling now. Enough that Mr. Reeves has exerted himself to the very utmost to do credit to his new director and the new undertaking; that he is in magnificent voice, and that his performance was a triumphant success from first to last, both on Tuesday and Thursday evenings.]

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS—*Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street.*

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—*No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L'ESPERANCE.—What has become of our correspondent with this hopeful signature?

BIRTH.

On the 4th instant, the wife of MONTM SMITH, Esq., of a daughter.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1864.

KARL THEODOR VON KÜSTNER (whose recent decease was announced in our last impression) was born in 1784, and intended by his father for the civil service. He studied at St. Thomas' Gymnasium in Leipsic and at the University in the same town, as well as at that of Göttingen, where he took his degree as doctor in both branches of the law. But, from his earliest youth, he had been possessed by an irresistible inclination for poetry and the dramatic art. This inclination was materially strengthened during vacations, when Küstner went down to his father's estate and secretly perused large numbers of plays, romances and poems. Even while he was attending St. Thomas', he sketched out the plot of a tragedy, *Targuin*, and knew no greater pleasure than that of going to the theatre. During his stay at the University, he was a member of the amateur company that used to play at the private theatre belonging to a Herr Blümner, *Oberhofgerichts-rath*. The masterpieces of Lessing, Göthe and Schiller were performed at this theatre with unusual care; thus, for instance, many months were devoted to getting up *Tasso*. Among the performers were various highly accomplished men—such as Rochlitz, Blümner, Müllner, Limburger; and ladies—such as the sisters Wilhelmine Reichenbach and Caroline Hoffmann; Betti and Caroline Tischbein; Julie Limburger, &c. Küstner played the heroic parts, such as Orestes, Tasso, the Prince of Guastalla, Wilhelm (in *Die Geschwister*), and played them, moreover, very successfully. But, notwithstanding this, he felt no inclination to follow the profession of an actor. All his wishes tended to one object: that he might be able to undertake the management of a theatre. As far back as the year 1812, he entered into negotiations with Franz Seconda, who had the direction of the German company in Dresden, to take his theatre off his hands, but the warlike events of 1813 prevented the plan from being carried out. Küstner took part, as an officer, in the campaign of 1814. He served in the volunteer cavalry of Saxony, under the command of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg.

Up to this time, Leipsic had never possessed a permanent theatre. The company of German actors at Dresden enjoyed the privilege of giving performances at Leipsic during the fair there. After the conclusion of peace, Küstner exerted himself to obtain the Leipsic theatre and succeeded. The town is certainly deeply indebted to him, not only because he secured for it a permanent theatre, but because, as he was obliged to defray, out of his own means, the

alterations in the building itself, and furnish everything necessary, such as scenery, dresses, properties, books, music, &c., he made some heavy pecuniary sacrifices, which, during the course of the first few years of his management, were considerably increased, in consequence of his inexperience and his ambition to place his establishment in a high artistic position. The Leipsic theatre was opened on the 26th August, 1817, with a prologue, and Schiller's *Brant von Messina*. The last performance under Küstner's management took place on the 11th May, 1828, and consisted of an epilogue and Calderon's *Das Leben ein Traum*. These eleven years were the fairest and most brilliant in the history of the Leipsic theatre; they were, also, the happiest and most glorious in the career of Küstner. The Leipsic theatre was the only one which Küstner managed independently and at his own risk. Thenceforth, he acted as Intendant at Court Theatres. 1830-1833, he was in Darmstadt; 1833-1842, in Munich; and 1842-1851, in Berlin. What Küstner did in these twenty years is also deserving of recognition, and is distinguished for many noble and brilliant acts; but it is not to be compared with his management at Leipsic. The air of Courts and the spirit of red-tape, paralysing every flight of fancy, obstructing every idea that would freely develop itself, and killing everything like enthusiasm, soon made their influence felt upon him. Küstner became half courtier, half Government official. The thousand considerations influencing the courtier, and the bureaucratic *esprit de corps* of the Government official soon pushed into the background—not of course to the benefit of art, and not even to his own satisfaction—the once enthusiastic disciple of art, the dramatist, and the art-loving manager. Küstner always looked back to the time of his Leipsic management as the pleasantest and happiest period of his life.

From the year 1851, Küstner resided mostly in Leipsic, and, up to the end of his existence, took the liveliest interest in everything relating to the stage. In the year 1853 he published a very valuable book upon theatrical statistics. It was entitled: *Five-and-thirty Years of my Theatrical Management*. In his youth, he had, also, written several pieces. Among them were *Die beiden Brüder*; *Die Vermählte*; and *Feder und Schwert*. There are two other important facts which must not be forgotten in relation to Küstner:—the Pension Fund, which he founded in Leipsic, and the system which, in conjunction with Holbein of Vienna, he introduced into Germany, of paying dramatic authors by a per centage on the receipts accruing from their works. Herr von Küstner died on the 29th October, 1864.

[The above particulars are gleaned from an interesting article in the Vienna Art-Journal, the *Recensionen*. DISHLEY PETERS.]

IN consideration of the fact that the works of the philosopher Arthur Schopenhauer,* after being almost entirely neglected for more than thirty years, have, for some time past, been attracting, in an eminent degree, more attention, of even a large public, than usually falls to the lot of philosophical works nowadays, readers who may have hitherto had, so to say, no acquaintanceship at all with those works, or, at most, may only now and then have heard indirectly and distantly something about the spirit, character and purport of the doctrine they contain, will not, perhaps, be sorry to learn what were the views which Schopenhauer† formed concerning music, and expounded in his

* Arthur Schopenhauer was born at Dantzic in 1788, but, from 1833 to his death, in the year 1860, resided at Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

† How greatly Schopenhauer loved and appreciated music is evident from the following description, from his pen, of that art. In Frankfort he was a regular attendant at the opera as well as at concerts. He always used to listen to Beethoven's Symphonies with closed eyes, and, whenever one of them was followed by a fashionable piece of the day, he would leave the place in

writings, especially in his principal works: *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, Part I., 52, p. 301, and Part II., Cap. 39: "On the Metaphysics of Music."

To understand perfectly Schopenhauer's views without being acquainted with his doctrine in its totality, is, it is true, scarcely possible, because, as a matter of course, the former are most intimately connected with the latter. A Vienna Critic,* however, (*tant soit peu Schopenhaueristique*) gives a slight idea of some of the principal points in this doctrine, in order to render the task of comprehension at any rate to a certain extent possible.

Schopenhauer's theory is based, partially at least, on that of Kant. He himself expressly and emphatically acknowledged this on several occasions. Kant maintained that everywhere in the world we recognise only "phenomena" (*Erscheinungen*), but that, behind these phenomena, there must be hidden something, which will, however, remain for ever unknown to us; and that, on account of our organisation, we are able to recognise only what is finite, that is, precisely phenomena. This something, which is at the bottom of phenomena, both particularly and generally, he called: "the thing of itself" (*"das Ding an sich"*). Schopenhauer himself pointed out that this theory of Kant's about "the thing of itself," was nearly allied to, if not identical with, Plato's theory of "Ideas." Plato held that at the bottom of all the things (phenomena) of the world there were certain ideas, according to which the things were formed; thus these ideas were at the bottom of minerals, for instance, as well as of plants, beasts, and also man, and that, too, individually as well as generally. Everything individual now—and, consequently, human actions, for instance—have, according to Plato, such ideas as a basis, and the former may be adequate, but likewise inadequate to the latter. It is necessary to remark this, because according to Schopenhauer's views it is precisely these ideas (that is to say what is general in individual things, phenomena, actions) that constitute the object of art, and, moreover, of every art.

But Schopenhauer would not admit that this "thing of itself" of Kant's was simply something unknown; he was of opinion—and this is one of the leading points in his theory—that this something at the bottom of all phenomena, this "thing of itself" was nothing more nor less than the Will. This, he said, was the root and principle of the world; from this did every thing spring and grow. According to Schopenhauer, therefore, it is Will which is manifested in the phenomenon of the anorganic natural product, the mineral, which, to employ Schopenhauer's language, marks the lowest steps of the objectivation of the Will to life. A higher degree is expressed by vegetable, and a yet higher by animal, products; but the highest known to us is man. Now this Will is no unknown quantity, X, but rather a thing with which we are very familiar, nay, the only one of which we possess immediate and direct knowledge, since, in the case of all other things (phenomena), we can only obtain indirect knowledge—solely and wholly, that is to say, through the medium of the intellect. If we look beyond ourselves, we see before us the entire visible and perceptible world, the "World as Conception" (*"Die Welt als Vorstellung"*), that is, the world as it really exists only as our conception, the result of our own organs of sense; if, on the contrary, we look into ourselves, we perceive nothing, except—the Will. And out of these two halves, the "World as Conception" and the "World as Will," arises, generally the

order not to disturb the impression he had received. His biographer, Gwinner, once made the remark that when Schopenhauer was sitting down without speaking, he reminded him of Beethoven, but, on the other hand, when he spoke, of Voltaire. If there is the least grain of truth in the observation, we may, by this alone, judge what contrasts existed in his mind, and struggled to become blended into unity.

* In the *Recessanten*.

entire, that is to say our world. The whole history of humanity springs solely from the uninterrupted reciprocal working of these two separate parts upon each other. The Agents, properly so called, the Primitive Principle, however, is the Will, and the Secondary, the Deduced, externally the phenomenon, internally, the intellect.

Now just as the Will is manifested generally in the world of phenomena in different degrees, higher or lower, of objectivation, so is it manifested in man. When the Will is very feebly manifested in an individual, the latter leads mostly a dull life, rather vegetal than aught else, while, on the other hand, a highly vigorous and violent will-impulse is mostly attended by a life tempest-tost by passion. But the stronger, the richer, the more comprehensive the intellect of man, by education as well as by natural aptitude, the more capable is the said intellect of freeing him from the domination of the Will (of itself blind), since it renders him more able to live in the higher "World as Conception" instead of in the darker "World as Will" (the world of impressions and feelings). Nay, more, the Will illumined by cognition can even turn away completely from life and lead to what Schopenhauer calls the Denial of the Will to Life, describing it as the phenomenon of Holiness (considered as the limitation of all man's desires and efforts to what is indispensable for the mere maintenance of existence). With respect to this, we will merely remark that the phenomenon exhibited to us, in their lives and actions, by the great geniuses of the human race, especially in art and science, stands in very close affinity with the phenomenon of Holiness.

These views are developed by Schopenhauer in the first volume of his principal work, *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* (first published in 1818, when he was in his thirtieth year). The third book treats of the "Platonic idea as the object of art."

OTTO BEARD.

FISH ON THE BEACH.

Scarcely had the dream of the last concert—in which Madame Arabella Goddard, Mr. Sims Reeves, Herr Engel, &c., took part—died away from the memories of Brighthelmstone amateurs, than lo! another promise of a musical banquet of the most refined luxuries met their eyes. Fancy the temptation of such an announcement as the following:—

ROYAL PAVILION. BRIGHTON.

Messrs. R. POITTS & Co. beg to announce that they have made arrangements with

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD

TO GIVE A

Pianoforte Recital,

ASSISTED BY FRAULEIN MEHLHORN.

Nobody asked who was Fraulein Mehlhorn. Certainly Mr. Fish did not. How could he think of anything else, after perusing the subjoined programme of pianoforte solos?—

PART I.

Sonata in A major, with Turkish March... *Mosart.*
Prelude and Fugue, in C sharp major... *Bach.*
Suite de Pieces, concluding with "The Harmonious Blacksmith" *Handel.*

PART II.

Sonata Appassionata in F minor, Op. 57... *Beethoven.*
Fantasia on "Where the bee sucks"... *Benedict.*

Here was a programme! And all these pieces to flow, like inspired improvisations, from those incomparable fingers, which are as nimble as they are diminutive, as poetical as they are pretty! It

was, indeed, a genuine treat. The audience—one of the most fashionable ever assembled within the walls of the Royal Pavilion (wouldn't the late George IV.—musical, as Maestro Rossini will tell you, if nothing else—have liked to hear such a performance, in what, at one time, was his *sanctum sanctorum*!)—the audience, Mr. Fish repeats, “one of the most fashionable,” &c., &c., were enchanted; and so was Mr. Fish. Which piece did he and they (they and he—*n'importe*!) like the best? Was it Mozart's divine little sonata, with its gracefully-varied theme (itself a generator of grace), its splendid and characteristic *Turkish March* (which M. Carvalho, at the “Lyrique,” introduces as an orchestral interlude—instrumented, M. Carvalho knows by whom, though Mr. Fish doesn't)—was it the unsurpassable (unapproachable?) Prelude and Fugue of the intellectual John Sebastian, in his most amiable mood while writing it?—was it the dainty *Suite* in E major, of the god-like Handel, with its evergreen variations (encored, of course, with one voice)?—was it the gorgeous Sonata in F minor, by the imaginative and “immeasurably endowed” composer of *Fidelio*?—or was it that most delicate and Shakspearian of delicate and Shakspearian fantasias, made by our own (Weber's own—Mr. Fish's own) Jules Benedict, out of one of the most delicate and Shakspearian of delicate and Shakspearian melodies (also encored, but this time unsuccessfully—the fingers even of an enchantress may be tired)?—was it No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, or No. 5? It was no number in particular, but all in general. To Mr. Fish, he need hardly say, the fullest satisfaction was afforded by the *Sonata Appassionata* (not so badly nicknamed, good Herr Crazz of Hamburg!), played as it should always be played, but, alas! too rarely is; and next, that most piquant of preludes and most transparently bright of fugues, by Mr. Fish's own darling composer, “J. S. B.” (magic initials!); and next—and next—and next—but why go on? The whole “Recital” was worth a journey down to Brighton; and Mr. Fish was glad that he had stayed at the Sole and Mackerel three days later than he intended. He would otherwise have missed it. *Bref*—more delicious music and more delicious playing he never listened to, in rapt attention and ill-restrained delight. Nevertheless, he did not—he *would* not—applaud. “No,” thought he, “they applaud this and that, and the other; what we are hearing now should receive some other and less vulgar kind of homage.” And so, while the audience clapped their hands, Mr. Fish sat silent—in a brown study, wondering whether Shakespeare would have appreciated Beethoven better than Goethe; and what Spinoza would have thought of Mozart (could he have understood him); and why J. S. Bach was in absolute truth the most profoundly intellectual of the sons of Adam; and why Madame Arabella left out Mendelssohn from her programme. He (Mr. Fish) can just remember that between the instrumental solos Fraulein Mehlhorn sang (very nicely) things by Weber, Gounod, and “Alexander” (J. Alexander—who must not be confounded with Alexander ab Alexandro or Alexander the Great). The concert took place on Thursday afternoon (yesterday).

Sole and Mackerel, Nov. 18.

COVENTRY FISH.

HERR ENGEL, after performing at a concert at Brighton on Monday, left for Paris next day, and played at a private *soirée* in the French capital on Wednesday. On Thursday he quitted Paris for Madrid, where he is to take part, on Monday, at a concert held by Her Majesty the Queen.

WINDSOR.—The members of the choir of St. George's Chapel, who form the “Glee and Madrigal Union” of this place, gave their first concert for the season, in the Town Hall, when Professor Sterndale Bennett's charming *May Queen* was performed. The solo singers were Miss Susanna Cole, Mr. Hunt and Mr. Briggs. The execution of this pearl of English pastorals was in most respects highly creditable to the society. That it delighted all hearers need not be added. A miscellaneous selection followed, which included, among other pieces, Mendelssohn's quaint “Autumn Song” and Dr. S. S. Wesley's “O sing unto my roundelay” (a very genial and beautiful composition), by the choir. The “Jewel Song,” from *Faust*, well given by Miss Cole, was also a feature. Dr. Elvey was the conductor.

LISBON.—*Lucia di Lammermoor* has had a great success with Madlle. Volpini. Signors Mongini and Squarcia. *Faust* is to be produced shortly, —Mephistophiles, Signor Junca.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I promised you, in my last, a detailed account of the new two-act opera, *Le Trésor de Pierrot*, words by MM. Carmon and Trianon, and music by N. E. Gauthier, which was produced at the Opéra-Comique last week. On consideration, however, I do not think it worth your attention or that of your readers. The subject is silly in the extreme, and the music evidently aiming at a reproduction of old forms and antiquated harmonies, is almost without an idea. Musical archaeologists may doubtless eulogise and cry up the score of the *Trésor de Pierrot*, but nothing can erase from my mind the impression that the composer is utterly void of inspiration. I am but a simple individual and have long thought that melody was the soul of music. If I am not wrong—I am corroborated in my opinion by the authorities of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini, Auber and other shining lights of the art,—*Le Trésor de Pierrot* is a soulless production and not likely to engage the attention of other audiences than those upon whose listening it is now being forced. The management of the Opéra-Comique has done all in its power to ensure success for this new work; the principal artists—M. Montaubry (Pierrot), M. Potel (Pamphile), Mdle. Monroe (Lucette), Mdle. Tual (Florise),—have done even more. If faint applause on the first night—reckoning the vociferations of the *claque* as nothing—might be accepted as condemnation, the *Le Trésor de Pierrot* was damned to all intents and purposes. It continues to drag its slow length along, but cannot survive, even with the support of the many friends of poet and composer. One thing must be said in M. Gauthier's favor, namely, that it was impossible for any composer, without genius, to do anything with the book. I think I have written enough about one of the feeblest productions I can remember at the Opéra-Comique; and that you will allow is saying something.

The revival of the *Elisir d'Amore* at the Italiens was a great success for Mdle. Adelina Patti, but not great for Signor Naudin (Nemorino), Signor Scalsee (Dulcamara), or Signor Antonucci (Belcore). Adelina played and sang Adina delightfully, and with immense effect. The coquettish peasant-girl, indeed, is one of her finest and most finished performances. As finale she introduced a new valse, composed expressly for her by Mr. Maurice Strakosch, the brilliant execution of which made the whole house ring with applause, and terminated the performance with extraordinary éclat. Some people think it a great mistake on the part of M. Bagier to unite the ballet with the Italian Opera; yet it has been the custom, time out of mind, to combine the two entertainments at all the lyric establishments throughout Italy, to say nothing of the two great Italian houses in London. The objection, however, to the conjunction of the two entertainments at the Italian Opera holds in Paris, if nowhere else, as the right to perform ballet has, from the commencement, been ceded to the great national lyric theatre, which, indeed, held a patent for its representation, until the recent enactment broke up all theatrical monopolies. The *divertissement* produced after Donizetti's opera is but a trivial affair; but the three principal *danseuses*—Mdle. Gréclue Mérané, Mdle. Urban and Mdle. Troisvallet,—are artists of high distinction, while the scenery, decorations and costumes are of the best. It would seem to be an admitted fact that all visitors to the Italian Opera go to hear and not to see; and yet the subscribers are always calling out against the management for the shabbiness of the dresses and scenery—which shows that sight as much as hearing must be taken into account, even in the most aristocratic of musical establishments. Besides, few operas now-a-days, even Italian operas, are written without the introduction of ballet; and dancing has become an essential element of an entertainment which formerly was wont to ignore it altogether. How, for instance, could M. Bagier give representations of some of the most effective works of the modern Italian repertory—to wit *Rigoletto*, *Il Tronatore*, *La Traviata*, *Marta*, *Un Ballo in Maschera* and others—without an efficient corps de ballet? It will, I fancy, take some time to reconcile the *habitudes* of the Italiens to the introduction of ballet as a separate entertainment into the performances. Of course the *divertissement* appertaining to an opera might be represented with any amount of care and costliness without evoking a word of comment. After a while, I dare say, the ballet will find warm supporters at the Italian Opera; at present it is looked upon

as an intrusion, if not a degradation. Signor Brignoli has arrived in Paris, and will appear forthwith. I have no doubt he will be treated more kindly than he was at Madrid. I hear from good authority that Signor Brignoli was most unjustly treated by the audience of the Spanish Capital. M. Bagier, I happen to know, entertains the greatest expectations from the new tenor.

Faust is about to be withdrawn at the Théâtre-Lyrique, and its place to be filled by *Mireille*, which has been reduced by the composer to three acts, and which has otherwise undergone serious modifications. Madame Miolan Carvalho will retain the part of the heroine originally created by her, the other characters being sustained by Madame Faure-Lefebvre, MM. Michot, Ismael and Petit. *Norma* is to be produced, with Madame Rey-Balla (*Norma*), Mlle. De Maesen (*Adalgisa*), and M. Puget (*Pollio*).

To-morrow evening (the 17th) the extraordinary representation for the benefit of M. Bouffé will take place at the Opera. In addition to the performances given by the Académie Impériale, entertainments will take place in which artists belonging to the Comédie Française, the Opéra-Comique, the Vaudeville, the Palais-Royal, and the Théâtre Déjazet will assist. The programme at the Opéra will comprise the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, the third act of *Moïse*, in which Mlle. Marie Battu and M. Faure will sing, and the "Pas de Noces" from *Nemee*, danced by the the corps de ballet.

M. Alexandre Billet, the eminent pianist, has announced a "Cours de Piano"—*anglice*, a series of performances on the pianoforte, which will include the ancient and modern school, with examples of all styles. I know few pianists more competent to accomplish this very difficult task than M. Alexandre Billet, who is a solid player and has a real feeling for music.

The Society of Concerts at the Conservatoire has announced two concerts to take place on the 4th and 13th of December. The first is to be dedicated to the memory of Meyerbeer, when three compositions by the illustrious master will be executed.

Maitre Guérin, by Emile Augier, was the piece selected on Friday night for the Compiegne theatricals. This play has had a great run at the Théâtre-Français. Owing to the magnificence of the costumes it is called *une pièce de robes en cinq actes*. The dresses worn by Mlle. Plessy, when she appears in it, are furnished by Worth, the male dressmaker, from London, whom Eugène Pelletan has immortalised. Each of these dresses cost at least, so says Mr. Marcellin, between 4,000f. and 5,000f., and five changes of raiment are *de rigueur*, making in all when those feminine fixings furnished by the *lingère* are taken into account, along with the hairdresser's and *fleuriste's* bills, 20,000f., or £800 sterling. These are, according to Mlle. Plessy's agreement with the manager, paid out of the funds of the theatre. I find in the list of visitors at Compiegne, that Alexandre Dumas, jun., is mentioned as a recipient of the Emperor's hospitality, because he is the author *La Dame aux Camélias*, the heroine of which is an impenitent Traviata. Flaubert, the author of *Salambô*, keeps Dumas, junior, in countenance. Were Arsène Houssaye with them in his character of author of *Miss Cleopatra*, they would make up a literary triumvirate, whose works are matchless for their ingenuity in gilding everything that is base and *bourbeux* of Parisian life. Fromentin represents at Court the theatrical critics, and Meissonnier the fine arts.

Hotel Bis, Nov. 17.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

MILAN.—The Theatre Carcano will open about the middle of the present month for the Autumn and Carnival season. The "Auditorium," or "Salle," has been renovated and newly decorated. The company includes Mesdames Ponti Dell'Armi, Siebs and Varese, as *prima donne*; Madame Guiseppina Lemaire, contralto; Signors Dell'Armi and Stecchi-Botardi, tenors; Signor Baraldi and Varese, baritones; Signors Garcia and Rebottaro, basses; and Signor Enrico Toppai, buffo. The following works will be represented in quick succession:—*Un Ballo in Maschera*, *Roberto il Diavolo*, *Moïse*, *Marta*, *Norma*, *Linda di Chamouni*, and *Memorie del Diavolo*, composed expressly for the theatre by Signor Lozzi.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, attended by Major Elphinstone, honored by his presence the performances at this theatre on Saturday evening last.

THE PARIS POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From a Correspondent).

Being in Paris last Sunday, the 6th inst., I attended the "Concert Populaire" of classical music, given at the Cirque Napoléon, under the direction of M. Padeloup. It is now four years since M. Padeloup so successfully inaugurated these Sunday afternoon concerts; and the one I am going to notice was the third of the first series of the present season. The following was the programme:—

Overture, "Ruler of the Spirits" ...	Weber.
Symphony in G minor ...	Mozart.
Allretto un poco agitato (<i>Lobgesang</i>) ...	Mendelssohn.
Concerto in B flat (No. 2) ...	Beethoven.
Suite in D, for Orchestra ...	Franz Lachner.

I was agreeably surprised to find a closely packed audience of nearly 4000 persons, listening with the most religious attention from first to last, to a kind of music with which certainly they are not familiar, and showing, throughout, real judgment in their manifestations of approval. The orchestra over which M. Padeloup presides is both numerous and efficient, and I was particularly pleased with the precision and brilliancy of the stringed instruments. The double basses especially (twelve in number) appeared to me strikingly sonorous. The flutes, oboes, and clarinets, on the contrary, I found rather weak, and altogether not to be compared with the performers in our London orchestras. Weber's overture was correctly played, but lacked spirit and enthusiasm. Mozart's symphony went better, although the *andante* was taken provokingly quick. The minuet, however, made amends, and pleased so much, that it was vociferously encored. The beautiful movement in G minor from Mendelssohn's symphony to the *Lobgesang*, was taken a shade too fast, and was rather deficient in accent and color. A repetition, nevertheless, was unanimously called for, and granted accordingly. Beethoven's essay, but not the less acceptable, pianoforte concerto was the most complete and satisfactory performance of the whole concert, firstly, because M. Ritter really played it to perfection (introducing a clever and effective *cadenza* of his own); and, secondly, because it was splendidly accompanied by the orchestra. M. Ritter was greatly applauded at the end of each movement, and after the *finale* was rewarded by a general call, in which the orchestra joined. Of F. Lachner's *Suite*, the variations had the lion's share, being the most attractive part of the work, and meeting with a very animated performance on the part of the orchestra. As conductor, M. Padeloup seems very zealous and painstaking, though at times he is over anxious, and gets fidgety in consequence. His readings are generally correct enough, but mostly wanting in refinement. These deficiencies, however, may perhaps be remedied in time, when M. Padeloup, acquiring a more thorough knowledge of the works he conducts, will be able to use his authority with more confidence. At any rate, he deserves great praise, with the thanks and support of all true lovers of music, for the manner in which his concerts, now happily a Parisian institution, are carried on.

A. R.

STRAND THEATRE.—A short, trifling farce, entitled the *Wilful Ward* answers the purpose of making the London public far better acquainted with the merits of Miss Milly Palmer than the little comedy in which she made her first appearance. The story is of the slightest. A testy old gentleman wants to marry his female ward, a blooming girl of seventeen, to a sop of the drawing conventional type, while she has set her affections on her guardian's nephew. To drive the objectionable suitor out of the field, the wilful beauty makes the sacrifice of his moustache the condition of her love, and her plan proves successful, for the sop chooses to remain a bachelor rather than deprive his upper lip of its ornament. Mr. Turner as the irascible guardian, and Mr. Belford as the sop, sustained much loud fun with a great deal of spirit, and the roar of the audience when the former attempted to shave the latter against his will bordered on the frantic. But it is from Miss Milly Palmer's representation of the *Wilful Ward* that the piece derives its principal charm. The young lady is supposed to be equally proficient in storming and in coaxing, and both these means of conquest are adopted with equal ease and a charming youthful spontaneity by the Liverpool actress. In the bills the *Wilful Ward* is called original, but it looks extremely like a French vaudeville written for the display of some popular "ingénuité."

Muttoniana.

Dr. Wind having experienced an attack of deplorable ventosity in the ventricle, since last issue, the task of ventilating the Muttonian papers devolves this week (in the protracted absence of Mr. Ap'Mutton) upon Dr. Shoe. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," can scarcely be dicated of Dr. Wind, inasmuch as he is a good Wind and yet blows nobody good. At least he (Wind) has blown no good to Dr. Shoe, whose (Shoe's) task it is to act laboriously as his (Wind's) deputy, pending his (Wind's) deplorable ventosity—and that for nothing. But that Dr. Shoe stands in fear both psychical and physical of (Mr. Ap'Mutton, he (Shoe) would have requested Mr. Pontifex Fouracres, Mr. Paper Brown, or some other worthy member of the I O U club (limited to non-liquidators) to undertake the job. Dr. Shoe himself had an accident the other day, which might have necessitated a remedial venesection. He was hurt by a vent-hole, or rather ventaduct, and for more than an hour became unconsciously ventriloquacious. Dr. Bile, happening to look in, felt his (Shoe's) pulse and prescribed *nux vomica*. He (Bile) is a homœopath and rarely opens a vein, unless there be humor in it. Happily the *nux* was propitiative. Nevertheless, Dr. Shoe goes to his work in trembling. Having attended the vendition of some vengolinas, to oblige Mr. Pitt P. Pill, he (Shoe) purchased a small vengolina, which he shortly experienced was venereuse; and this has put him in bodily terror, lest it (the vengolina) should peck at one of the boys of the laboratory, during his (Shoe's) absence at Shoebury. The musical critic of the *Athenæum* has forwarded the subjoined, with an earnest request, "that it may receive the advantage of the unlimited publicity attached to those columns bearing the honored signatures of Mr. Ap'Mutton and his disciples."

"The aberrations of M. Fétis are among the curiosities of the time. Clever and industrious as he has been during his long life,—and now one of those indefatigable patriarchs whose activity shames the rising generation,—he must not be exempted from remark when vagaries are in question such as certain of his late proceedings. We have already called attention to some offences and blunders in his revised and augmented *Biographie* (now only one volume short of being completed.) Especially is his notice of Mendelssohn to be denounced for the ill temper yet more than for the ignorance it displays. These become doubly objectionable as proceeding from the pen which, at such loving length, has devoted itself to the discoveries and compositions of M. Fétis;—the article (to make the case more flagrant) having been just republished in three numbers of the *Gazette Musicale*, with which periodical his intimate connexion is notorious. Its writer compels us to state, as a biographical fact, that none of his compositions, published in Paris and performed in Belgium, have got a public, or are known to any distance beyond the circle of his own admiration. He compels us, again, to question his trustworthiness as a sifter of evidence, not merely by inaccuracies, hardly to be avoided in a work so vast and various in scope as his Dictionary, but by other wilful perversities incompatible with sound judgment. In spite of testimonies which are not to be gainsaid, M. Fétis is still worrying to death his favorite idea that *La Marseillaise* is not by Rouget de Lisle, but by Navaigille, or some one else; that it may be an air from Dalayrac's *Sargines*, the precursor of Paër's *Sargino*. The tune has been claimed for many persons, Grétry among the number, who pointed out the mistake, and named the real author in his *Memoirs*; as also did Citizen Débry officially, at a Session of the National Convention, on the 18th July, 1795. Poor old Alexander Boucher, the eccentric violinist, in the last years of his life (M. Azevedo tells us in *L'Opinion Nationale*) was heard to declare that he had made the tune; even as King George the Fourth used to assert, in the presence of the Duke of Wellington, that he had been at the Battle of Waterloo! We cannot but think that M. Fétis might expend his ingenuity better than in such paltry polemics as these."

The *Athenæum* seemingly no more affects M. Fétis than M. Fétis the late P. Scudo, upon whom (P. Scudo) Dr. Shoe, respectfully, has just read an article signed Fétis, which appears in the new and enlarged and revised edition of the *Biographie Universelle*, and which Dr. Shoe's amiable brother-in-ink, M. Marie Escudier, transposes to the columns of *La France Musicale*, under the respectful heading of "*Nekrologie*," whence it would appear that M. Marie Escudier no more affects the late P. Scudo than M. Fétis M. Marie Escudier, or rather the late P. Scudo—no more, indeed, than the *Athenæum* the late P. Scudo, or rather M. Fétis, or rather the late P. Scudo (see the *Athenæum* oration

over P. Scudo's remains.) Nevertheless, the word Escudier might pass for something that has been done to Scudo; say, for instance—"Scudo a été pas mal escudie."

Dr. Shoe has just received a note from Dr. Wind, running:—"DEAR SHOE—I am better but still feeble. Bile has impinged (don't be angry) leaches. See what you can make of enclosed galimatias. Surely How is going mad.—S. WIND—*Air St.*, Nov. 15." Dr. Shoe, respectfully, can make nothing of the galimatias, which nevertheless he (Shoe) partly impinges:—

"1st. Mr. Tidbury How opines that Brothers [Davenport Frikells Herrmanns Houdins and others are all very well in their way but their way is a bad way. Let Mr. Arthur Chappell "*stare super iras antiquas*" and not give Professor (and performer) Anderson an opportunity of exhibiting his most remarkable feat that of juggling away our Monday Popular Concerts which are due in November."

"2nd. Mr. T. H. begs that Dr. Wind will not permit Mr. Baylis Boil or other person extraneous to interfere with the punctuation of the above."

"3rd. Mr. T. H. opines that Dr. Pantagruel, of Pantagruel Square, churchwarden of St. Luke's, Pantagruel Square, has too long reserved his Pantagruelism for Pantagruel Square vestry meetings. That Pantagruelism on Pantagruelistic subjects is welcome in all companies of choice Pantagruelists, but Pantagruelist ideas on highway rates, positions of lamp-posts, and pew rents tend little to the furtherance of Pantagruelism, for which purpose Dr. Pantagruel at one time existed."

"P.S.—Has Dr. Wind received any invoice from Wolfenbüttel of the number of pianists to be expected during the ensuing season? Mr. How already holds great store of leather breeches made from the skins of those of past seasons; and if the number to be expected in the spring of 1865 is large, his (How's) wardrobe will be uncomfortably full."

A more feebly convulsive struggle to ape the Muttonian humor, which radiates from the Muttonian as light from the Sun (Mr. Ap'Mutton's cabalistic name) was never made. Mr. Tidbury H. had best confine himself to impoverishing by admixture the *Hic et ubique* of Mr. Coventry Fish, who but now was dealt with by Mr. Ap'Mutton for similar indiscretion. If Phaeton, son of Sol and Clymene, was tumbled into the Po, by a bolt from Jove, for his impious attempt at driving his own father's horses—

"Snorting the morning from their nostrils"—

what can Mr. Tidbury How, not even a son of Dr. and Mrs. Wind, expect, as penalty for his more impious attempt at driving the swifter and fierouser horses of Ap'Mutton?—what but a bolt from the Jupiter Tonans of Olympian wit, which shall tumble him, not into the Po, but into the Styx, where all such sticks (*jeu let pass*) should be consigned. Even Brougham and Vaux (from whom the two-wheeled brougham), would as surely have failed as Phaeton (from whom the four-wheeled phaeton). At the same time Dr. Shoe, respectfully, would not object to be smiled on by such a nymph as Clymene, though at the imminent risk of a How for issue. But this by the water.

Dr. Shoe has been favored by another note from Dr. Wind, running:—"DEAR SHOE—Set Vining right with the public. The leaches wont bite. Is Bile a humbug?—WIND—*Air St.*, Nov. 16." Dr. Shoe was always given to rectification. Moreover he (Shoe) has got a letter on same subject from Mr. Dion Boucicault (about whom the rhyme:—

"There was an old manager, Dion,
Whose word you might always rely on;
If he said, 'It's a fact,'
On that speech you might act,
With more or less safety to Dion.")

But first for Mr. Vining. (Dr. Shoe would not object to a box at the *Streets of London*, for Mrs. and the Misses Shoe; his address is Shoebury):—

DEAR DR. WIND.—A paragraph having appeared in the *Morning Star* to the effect that a rumor is in circulation that my tenure of this theatre is about to cease in consequence of my violation of conditions of the agreement under which I hold the theatre, I beg to state that no such conditions exist, and that the report is utterly false and without foundation. I am happy to say that in all my business transactions with my landlord I am on the most friendly relations; and believing the report to be as injurious to him as to myself, your courteous insertion in *Muttoniana* of my flat denial to the rumor will greatly oblige your obedient servant,
G. J. VINING.

Princess's Theatre—Nov. 14.

Dr. Shoe respectfully trusts that here the matter may close. D. Boucicault's letter goes:—"DEAR SHOE,—As you sometimes activate for Ap'Mutton, I wish you would put, or ask Ap'M. to put, in *Muttoniana*, that the paragraph about Webster having broken with Vining for running my "Streets" is all bosh. They wont insert my letters in *The Times*, in consequence of that infernal Davenport affair, although it was only a joke; so I have no remedy but to apply to you. It is d—ly vexing to have such rumors buzzing about one's ears. Faithfully yours, dear Shoe.—D. BOUCICAULT. (P.S.) Have you seen *The Hidden Hand*? I suppose it is Tom Taylor's?—*Gemini*!!—D. B." Here the matter, Dr. Shoe respectfully trusts, may close.

A third letter from Dr. Wind (!) has just come to foot, running:—"DEAR SHOE—I enclose you some verses to be set by the first *musicus* you stumble on—that is if he can set. Bile is a humbug. The leaches being averse, he swears it is a mere pepsy, and suggests boluses; but for aught he knows of the pharmacocchia I might as well consult a simple pharmacopoliast. He (Bile) may swallow his own boluses. What a pity Chidley Pidding is still gloat-smitten! Yours—W. P.S. More from T. How.—*Air Street*, November 17." Dr. Shoe has read the verses, and respectfully thinks they would suit Mr. John Hullah. Thus they go:—

Oh let me mumble on the wild sea-shore,
And leave the noisy city far behind,
Oh let me listen to the billows roar,
And hear the music of the uncurly wind;
I love, I glory in the rolling waves,
That rise and sink again, and yet again;
A solemn requiem o'er nameless graves,
They pine in ceaseless wild and pensive strain.
The rolling waves! the rolling waves!
Oh let me rumble on the rocky steep,
I'm weary, weary of the gay world's throngs;
I long to hear the music sad and deep,
Those sounds far sweeter than the highest songs.
I love, I glory in the rolling waves, &c.
Oh let me mumble on the wave wash'd beach,
And mark the curly waves upheave and swell,
Where not an inland sound mine ear can reach,
Save the faint tinkling of a sheepfold bell!
I love, I glory in the rolling waves, &c., &c.

Care should be taken to find a good melody. A distinction might also be expressed with a certain vivacity between "mumble" and "rumble"—thus artfully avoiding a jumble. Dr. Shoe suggests (respectfully), that the verses which mumble be pitched in the major key, and the verse which,

"Like a *postmortem*,—rumbling in some far sepulchre"—

—rumbles, in the minor; so that the amenities be propitiated. Here "More from T. How") :—

DEAR WIND,—Is this unmixed problem reduced to its simplest form?—*Gab. ballet, gab. dance, gab. libretto, gab. Kenilworth*. Divide by *gab.*, of which process examples existing in Colenso's writings, not on the *Pentateuch*; you have three ballet, three dance, three libretto, three *kenilworth*. Divide again by three, and the following is the result:—*Ballet, dance, libretto, kenilworth*. Also endeavor to justify Mr. Ap'Mutton's setting of Pío Nono's "Non possumus." Why is the accent (twice) on "non" followed by an accent on "pos"?—T. H. Further congratulates Dr. Wind on the absence of the "wire," if not on that of Mr. Ap'M. The wire is an offensive implement of the redacting art; he (T. H.) preferring quicker answers to pressing questions. Let Mr. Ap'M. substitute a telegraph wire.

Dr. Shoe spies no "unmixed problem" nor snuffs solution. The "reduction" to its simplest form would leave—FUDGE. Dr. Shoe recommends Mr. How to consult Henricus Cornelius Agrippa *ab Nettesheym*, in whose *Pars posterior* he will find much to edify, especially where he attacks the *Rhetores and Grammatici*. "Soberly"—as Dr. Wind would say—Mr. How is hardly the man to convince by learned argument. With respect to an explanation of Mr. Ap'M.'s accentuation—which was noth's (Ap'M.'s) at all, but the Pope's—Dr. Shoe can only answer "Non possumus." As to telegraphic wires, he (Ap'M.) communicates incessantly, from the King and Beard, with the crowned heads, the ministers, the captains, the men of science, art and letters, of Europe (including the Sultan of the Turks)—to say nothing of the Presidents of North and South

America, the Governor General of India, the Emperors of China and Japan, the rulers of Borneo and Madagascar, the African and Asian tribes, the Australian Parliament and all the Satraps, not to specify the Kings of Dahomey and Ashantee,—by no other means. None knows 'this better than Omer Pasha, except perhaps Garibaldi, Louis Napoleon and General Lee. For this Dr. Shoe vouches. *Boat and Hook, Shoebury, November 18.*

Taylor Shoe.

MUSIC IN DÜSSELDORF.

Two new and interesting compositions by a young English musician, Mr. Cusins, organist to the Queen of England, were performed by the Instrumental Association on the 5th inst. The longer, and indisputably more important of the two, is an overture to *King Lear*, and gives proof of a decided talent for composition. No one would say from its general plan, from its rounded form, or from the skilful and effective way in which the orchestra is managed that it is the work of a beginner. Mr. Cusins possesses an excellent knowledge of the various instruments, and takes advantage of their peculiarities with much cleverness and ingenuity. Indeed, it is in the effectiveness and delicacy of the instrumentation that, we think, the great merit of the composition is to be sought. The melodic idea is frequently happy, and yet it is deficient in originality properly so called. Perhaps, without knowing or wishing it, the composer founds his style on existing models; he does not copy them, but he writes according to their usual train of thought, and the features of some good old friend or other smile on us from under the physiognomy of Mr. Cusins' motives. We do not complain of this. Nothing is more hateful than far-fetched or artificial originality, and it is a thousand times better to follow some model, than to desire to produce by unnatural means a factitious originality. True originality is sure to work itself out a path. To adduce a grand case in point, who would reproach such a master as Beethoven with having, when young, written quartets in the style characteristic of Haydn? Mr. Cusins possesses decided talent, and the numerous audience, who listened with interest to the performance—an admirable one by the way—of the work by our Instrumental Association, marked their appreciation of their foreign visitor with more than usual emphasis. The *Scherzo*: "Queen Mab," also, is distinguished by very skilful and original treatment of the orchestra, and labours under the same peculiarity as its bigger brother. In this instance the family likeness to the fairy dances in Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* is not even doubtful. But what harm is there in that? If a pretty girl looks like her grandmama, is she the less pretty? The comparison belongs to Alfred de Musset.

Schubert's grand C major Symphony brought the concert to a conclusion. What can we say new about this gigantic composition? Can there be anything grander than the Andante? Seldom has this symphony proved a source of such enjoyment to us as on the 5th inst., as performed by the orchestra, materially strengthened, of the Instrumental Association.

Altogether these concerts gain in importance every week, and already constitute one of the most essential elements of our musical amusement for the winter. The start they have lately taken borders upon the incredible. Formerly a few musical simpletons assembled in the Rittersaal, gaped in secret, and asserted aloud: "It was very fine." At present, the Rittersaal is crammed to suffocation. The fair sex, that formerly excused its absence under the pretext of Saturday's domestic duties, is now represented by crowds of fair delegates—and there is no more said about domestic duties. All this, however, is proved most strikingly by the increase in the number of members as announced on the 5th inst., at the General Meeting which followed the concert. At the end of last year, (the Instrumental Association counted 126 members; the number of the latter is now 254, and is continually increasing. The Association has, consequently, more than doubled in one year.

Herr Herz, a member of the board of management, gave a report of the doings of the Society during the year 1863-4. The report was, of course, very favourable, and exceedingly well received. The board of management was unanimously re-elected. It was, moreover, resolved to celebrate the 300th evening of the Association, which will fall on the 19th inst., first by a specially grand concert (Overture to Cherubini's *Deux Journées*; Weber's "Concertstück," played by Jul. Tausch; and Beethoven's Sym-

phony in C minor) and then by a supper, but only for the gentlemen members—because Saturday's domestic duties, already mentioned, will require the members of the fair sex to return home early.—*German Paper.*

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

AGGNER & Co.—"Te condeme Valse," op. 15; "Quatre Romances Sans Paroles," op. 17; "Marche Militaire," op. 20, par C. Andreoli.

BARCELONA.—The company at the Lyceum is fully completed. The names of the principal artists are as follows:—*prime donne*—Mesdames Lafon, Fiorentini, Pozzi, Branganti, and Dory; tenor—Signor Morini; baritone—Mr. Santley and Signor Colonese; bass—M. Bouché.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY. The Queen's scholars of Westminster School will perform the *Phormio* of Terence in the Dormitory, on Tuesday, the 13th; Thursday, the 15th; and Tuesday, the 20th of December. Hopes are entertained that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales may honor the performance with his presence.

Mrs. JOSEPH ROBINSON'S NEW COMPOSITIONS.—"A Dream," melody for the pianoforte; "May Morning;" and "Elf Land," Scherzo, composed by Mrs. Joseph Robinson. London: Cramer and Company, and Chappell. Here are three pieces for the pianoforte that it is quite refreshing to play over, and that it is a pleasure to review. Amongst all the music which teems from the London press for this most comprehensive and eminently social instrument, we do not know three compositions more calculated to improve the taste and exercise the fingers of the student than those before us. Tired as we are of the sickly sentimental school of modern *notturni*, and lashed to rage as our ears are frequently by fantasias on airs from popular operas, which young, delicate damsels play with their elbows, shoulders, and everything but the fingers, fearlessly and loudly, making the hearer wonder that any manufacturer can make instruments to stand such vigorous assaults for an entire evening, we turn to the pieces before us with a relish for what is genuine, and again hope, almost against hope, that other writers will arise like Mrs. Joseph Robinson who will rescue the noble instrument from the barbarities it is too often made to expone. The pianoforte is to be found in almost every drawing-room, and it has become, in fact, more the exponent of musical ideas than any other instrument. From its comprehensiveness and large extent of scale a sufficient idea can be gleaned by the performer of the noblest orchestral works, and thereby taste can be cultivated and high art appreciated. In fact, it is the medium through which almost every family becomes acquainted with musical ideas. Hence a writer for the pianoforte who displays the peculiar capabilities of the instrument in music of a high and original class, such as Mrs. Joseph Robinson, is a boon to all genuine lovers of the art. The "Dream" is a melody of delicate beauty, with an appropriate accompaniment, varied through modulations never startling but inclining to repose, and terminating in a *pianissimo* of much loveliness. We can recommend this piece to all moderate players with nice fingers, correct accent, and desire of expression. "May Morning" is a charming sketch, a regular summer song, telling of happy faces and joyous voices existing in the exhilarating breathings of the balmy air, either in sunny glades or open pasture lands. It is a composition full of happiness, and one well calculated to raise the flagging spirits after a weary day. One of its great perfections is, that it is easy of accomplishment, while it leaves an impression upon the hearer of fine playing. The *scherzo*, "Elf Land," is a more ambitious composition, and, while not difficult, requires from the player much facility of execution and crispness of touch, combined with brilliancy. But it will repay the labor it may demand. The three pieces are so varied in style, so original, and lie so well for the hand, that we can safely recommend them to all performers who desire to cultivate a pure style, and to practise charming music specially written for the instrument.—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

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As on the very day,
That sunny morning, mother dear,
When Lucy went away;
And April's pleasant gleams have come,
And April's gentle rain;
Fresh leaves are on the vine, but when
Will Lucy come again?
The spring is as it used to be,
And all must be the same,
And yet I miss the feeling now
That always with it came.

It seems as if to me she made
The sweetness of the year;
As if I could be glad no more,
Now Lucy is not here.
A year—it seems but yesterday,
When in this very door
You stood; and she came running back
To say good-bye once more;
I hear your sob—your parting kiss—
The last fond words you said;
Ah! little did we think—one year,
And Lucy would be dead!

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